

The Charles Viewer



Visual and Literary Arts
By the students of Fisher College

2018

A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Fisher College Community,

Fifty.

It's a nice, round number. The 2018 edition of *The Charles Viewer* marks our 50th edition, and it presents the eclectic perspectives of our contributors. Students have created unique views of Boston's buildings and nighttime sights, striking portraits, and powerful poetry on topics ranging from the political to the personal.

We'd like to thank Dr. Alan Ray, President of Fisher College; Dr. Janet Kuser, Vice President of Academic Affairs, Dr. Danielle Herget, Division Chair of Liberal Arts; Caroline Wright, Director of Student Engagement and Retention, Amanda Matarese, Director of Student Activities; Kathryn Harrington, Student Activities Coordinator; and others too numerous to list. Without their support, this publication would not have been possible.

Please enjoy this edition of *The Charles Viewer*,

The Charles Viewer Editorial Staff

Samual Thibodeau,

Andrew Folkes,

Drs. Stephen Lento and Nicole DePolo, Faculty Advisors

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CAN YOU?

The church is burned

And the nurse is gone,

Now sharpen the spike

And clutch it tight.

Blessed be the silver bullets

I left for you

In the pages of the

Book left by the

Holy water stocked at home.

The sky is dark and

Never ending

Your roses filled my hearse

And now the venom

Fills my soul.

Drive the stake down

And drown the

Red with the cheap

Whiskey in my house.

—Vanessa Zermeno

HEAVEN'S GATE

Vanessa Zermeno



NIGHTLY WALKS

Samual Thibodeau















cracked corners lift
bones creak and lean
sunken eyes glimmer

—Samual Thibodeau

RAP NAME: GODS JUST CHILLIN

Tryshten Suazo Cole

“A woman should learn in quietness and full submission... I do not permit a woman to teach or to assume authority over a man...she must be quiet.”

“ Timothy 2:11 ”

1st verse

God degrades women
God still has your attention
These words spread like an infection
women fought for rights
To progress
to great heights
But your faith says
they don't deserve the spotlights
Or
to have authority
It seems that god believes men
Are meant to be the superiority
It's our obligation
To fix this generation
From believing in male domination
I'm tired of stressin
From all this oppression
This is my confession
teaching you a new lesson
That
woman deserve an accession
because
We are all humans

With different genders
and
Should treat one another
As equals
But if we start chillin like god
We'll continue the sequel

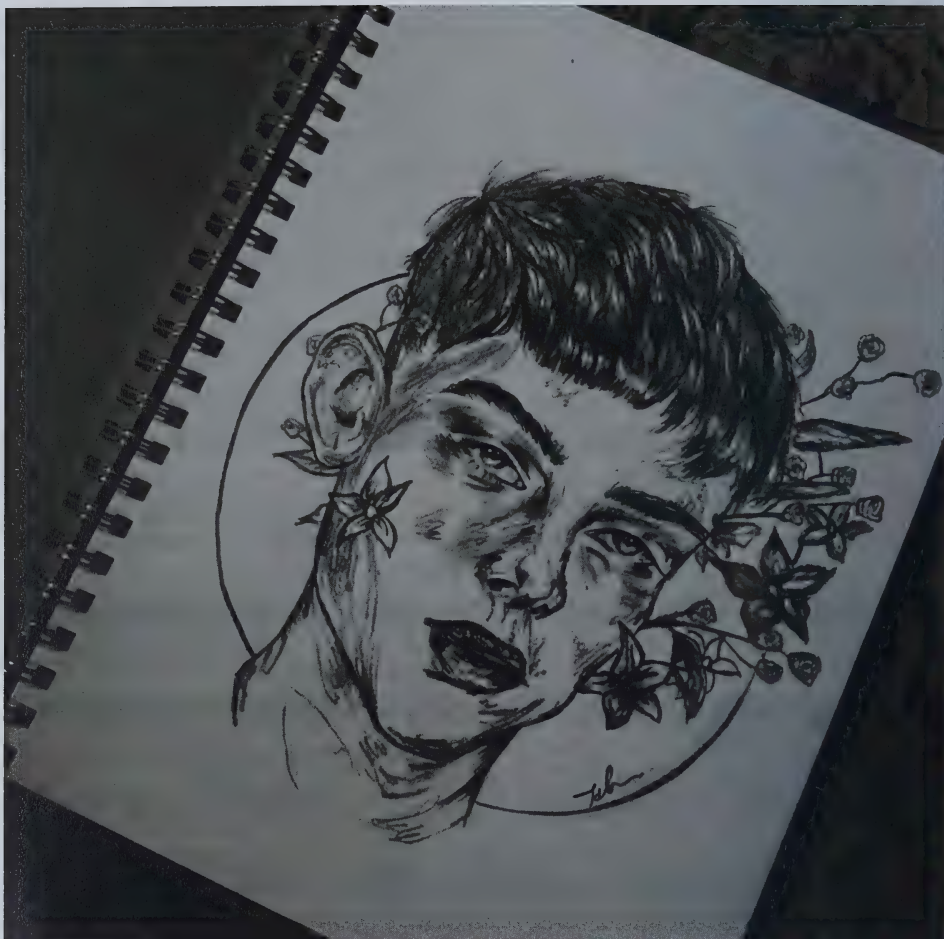
2nd Verse

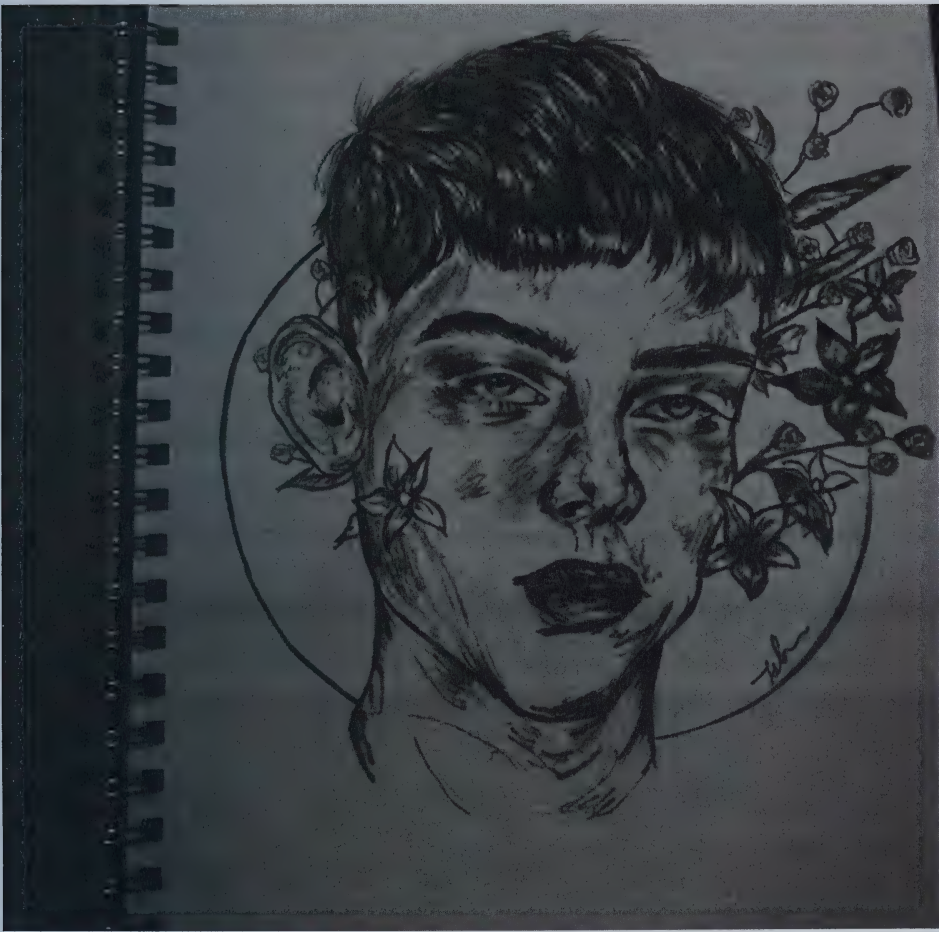
The world is ending
That's the message he's sending
As everyone and everything
Is being vanquished
Animals going through extinction
and terrible inflictions
They usually travel in packs
Now travel in ones
soon it'll be none
Their numbers decrease
their breed will be ceased
Because companies
are cutting their fur
As a means of competition
To be in the #1 position
God watches young civilians
As their
Deaths increase by millions
kids endure death and anguish
Home's being tarnished
No different from carnage
I can see it now
Its vivid and clear
Buildings falling upon children
Cowering in fear
Faces, covered in tears
It's what you've foreseen
But
Chose not to intervene

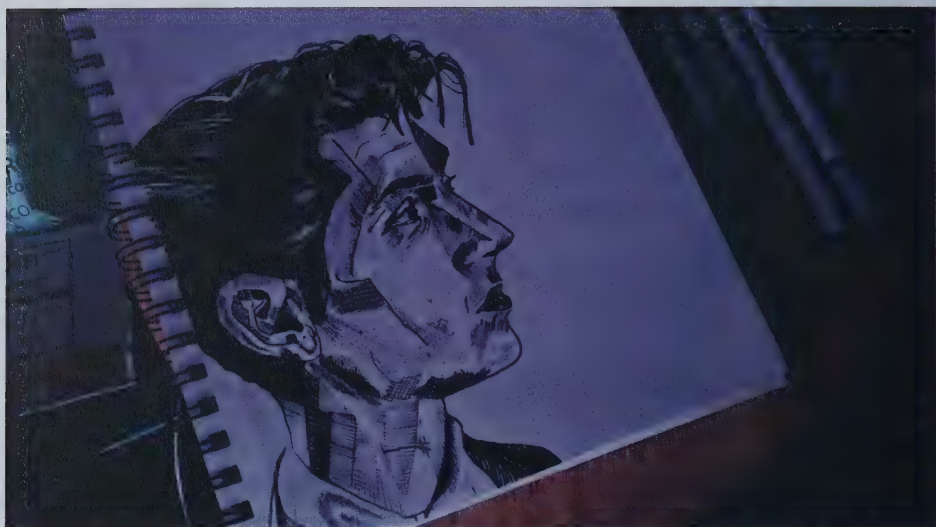
God gave us free will
we continue to waltz
Into various faults
Meanwhile
You're are secluded
Inside of your vault
Everyone needs guidance
While you remain silenced
Listen to my thesis
violence increases
Can't even trust the police's
hurting people with colored faces
Battering them into stasis
And you continue,
Chilling in your oasis
I'm contacting you
On a regular basis
I'm Tom, You're Jerry
We continue the chases
in various cases
I'm a scientist
Attempting to cure cancer
But similar to you
I get no answer

-Tryshten Suazo Cole

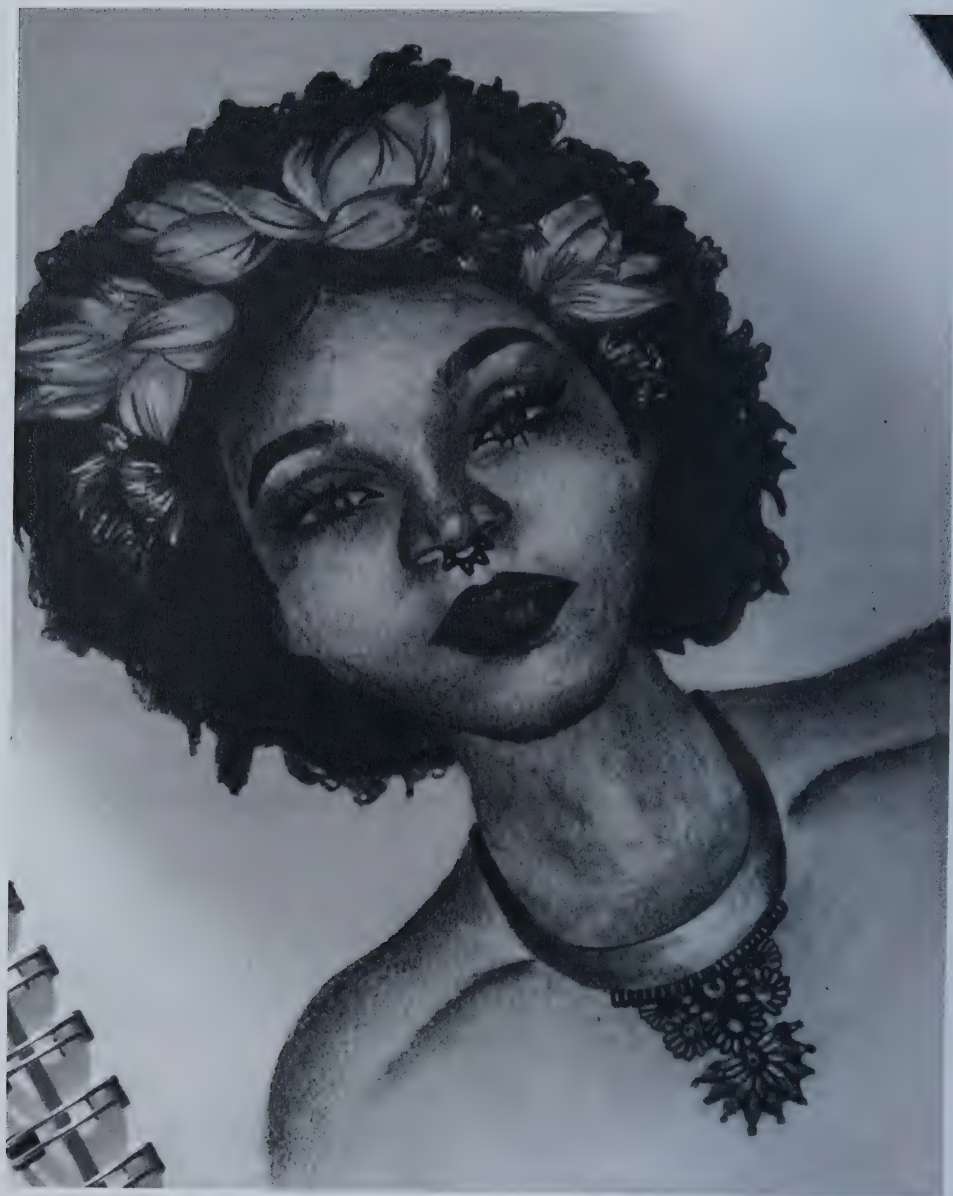
UNTITLED
Tabarak Ismael













WHO I THINK I AM

Taste the life and you'll find out the worst person you can be

Hesitant, thinking

"There's no way that will be me"

Reminiscent of when I was told the truth but didn't listen.

I've been drawn in the mystique and glamour of matchmaking with women
whose jeans are tight with faces that glisten.

It's in my DNA. My submission to affection couldn't soothe my soul no matter
which rendition played on my Beats by Dre.

I hope these emotions are not cues but are temporary and not a repetition of my
permanent condition.

Its cold grip is tight, a monster creation I can't mold.

I struggle to release as I fear the manifestation is already sold.

I don't feel human.

The fakeness is apparent when I look in the mirror.

I'm translucent,

I now embody that person they told me I'd be after I said I wouldn't.

You wouldn't be fond of yourself if you saw what I saw either.

It's in my ether.

The shadowy grave of a figure I tried to stave off but still kept on a tether.

That first drink, I relished

I could barely stand after.

I knew Jesus would consider this a sinful rapture.

You can't blame me for who I am, a naive boy still learning how to be a man

It's a feeling that feels old within, a demon on our shoulder encouraging sin.

"The meek shall inherit the earth," but it doesn't translate to the weak.

The testament speaks of warriors with swords that keep them sheathed
Shameless at my core as I was once a warrior in the garden but now a gardener at
war.

I prayed to the clouds with no response, no words back,

But there was a sound coming from beneath the crack.

My words to thy father was clear, Or maybe it's mother,
wasn't sure one way or the other. Either way, neither had intentions and saw me
as a bother,

So like any rebellious son I switched my focus to another.

I thought heaven is where I belonged,

But what can I do when I hear the devil respond.

Fortunately I am young enough to alter this misfortune.

What caused this unfortunate turn of fortune?

Maybe my idea of confidence was cockiness that created distortion?

Steep penance issued when you creep where the demons sleep. Apnea sets in
when you realized you've missed it.

The evil lurking around every cradle and corner playing coroner to every criminal
and courier, its message is simple.

Collusion between my mind, body, and spirit creates confusion.

I need to cancel this inclusion. I'm in shambles, in ruins.

I need a solution. I should contact my family and explain my quest for clearer
vision.

Tell them my thoughts are in constant collision
and my values need revision.

But should I overlook the same people that overlooked me?

This pain is just something I can't tell.

They saw me so high up, they couldn't even see that I fell.

They used me in vain but I was the one that accepted the pain

Because of me they bleed the lavish lifestyle,

So how could I explain to them it wasn't worthwhile.

Nor could I bare to stain the precious family name.

My folks are great, they did what they could, given their fate,
but there are a few things I'd like to state.

A minor detail that will shed light on my ideology of male and female.

My mother was around but in our life she didn't revolve.

My father lived away but he was always involved.

I was taught love superseded rational thought.

Wisdom they sold and I bought, iconic.

Yet they were both cheaters caught, ironic.

Believing we all have a soulmate seems mental.

Our love drives better when it is only a rental.

This pain has shown it can lead the metals lead to the temple, it's a no brainer of
course.

I mean half of all marriages end with divorce.

That proves even our lovers can hide their real eyes,

It's the people closest to us that tell real lies.
If not now than when is a better time to realize.

There was once one I thought was different from the rest,
but my young mind couldn't look past her chest.

I failed this test.

Hungry to put her name beside my family crest,
Eager to marry, to settle down and rest.

I'm reeling that men embellish in this feeling and women pledge to demolish our
edge.

That's what happens when you're spirit is split,
my character used to be filled with personality and wit.

The power sounds good though don't it?

but they are only there for the moment, your fame is their fame and your money is
their money. They will never be too far.

But when it's all gone, they are.

By yourself, talking to yourself, all by myself.

In the darkness trying to find what's right.

The dark knight wasn't afraid of the dark so why am I so scared to look for the
light.

Sitting alone in the park wondering why it's me that's torn apart.

Looking at my odd world can be a start.

People are going left and right and the politics won't stop.

Well neither route ends at the top.

Liberals start the business then conservatives run the business.

One without the other wouldn't exist, they must learn to coexist
and not resist.

Adventure and art is creative, religion and rights are sacred.

My common sense can be dense, but I fear ignorance will lead this tense situation
to violence and intense malevolence.

Police killing blacks and African syntax turn into debates of who should really be
taxed within the capitalistic state.

News ratings penciled in disapproval, but should we sympathize with their
removal.

Japanese Internment cash reparations, and Native American safe reservations.

We receive
Segregation?

A good lesson that life isn't fair. I think we do care, but maybe we need more time
to learn how to work in pairs.

I understand their confusion and temptation for equality or even more.

Should they consider a more permanent separation?

Collaboration is a recommendation,

Because even America could one day become a macro of Fruitvale Station.

This isn't a story about our fall from grace,

We were never that high in the first place.

This is a tale of the sickening tunes cut deep by the mental fiends as they en-
graved themselves in my soul.

They were the only takers. They instilled in me a need for greed and green acres.

To feast on my glory they all sat at the table.

They each split up parts to take because everyone needed a stake in this fable.

The trophies are nice, the accolades are mesmerizing,

But they mean nothing if you can't see over the horizon.

"Why are you whining, if I were you I sure as hell wouldn't be crying.

Endless laughter and joy surround the rich and famous."

Good point, but a real representation would show how vulnerable their state is.

The money comes with problems when you are a Batman with no Robin.

Listen to these words I've said, or you could be the one you read about with a bul-
let to the head. We all eventually fade away into the darkness.

You shouldn't judge what you don't know.

We all eventually fade away,

We'd be in the same place if you had the guts to say no.

We all fade away.

Don't pretend to be what you'll never see.

We fade away.

Your decree shouldn't involve me.

We fade.

Our interpretation of life would be different if it was understood that

We...

—Niko Cappola

Let Me In

Baptize and deliver me
In your cold hearted world of miseries
Intertwine our lives into one euphonious melody
that harmonizes us as one
With profound grace of fluidity
Ignite a light within our souls that will live on for eternity
That is recondite, bright, and infinite.

Shine your light on my stormy weather
And let's create a colorful rainbow together
That Signify our own token of covenant
In which we're in sync
Hearts minds and souls interlinked.

Shout it out aloud, send bottle messages, send tiny pieces of paper on doves or
even crows

Just please let it be known
That our love for each other has no time period or time zone

Surrender please
And let our love live
Make our hearts sing
Lower your barriers, drop that shield, undo your armor, open those doors ; build
me a bridge!
Please I beg of you my love
Let me in.

Andrew Folkes

The Bird Words

Standing outside my door was a soul singing bird
Looking up at me with great concern
It turned its head from side to side
Not scared, not frightened or petrified
As though it had something great on its mind.
It fluffed its feathers, raised its head and straightened its neck
Groomed its tail feathers and wiped its beak
like it's about to deliver a speech
Then Engaging me eye to eye as though I was in for the insight of my life
The bird began to tweet...tweet...and tweet as though it could speak.
with different pauses, stops and exclamations
Question marks and many more punctuations
Its tweets were even loaded with tones and emotions
Some screamed pain, sorrow and despair
Others serious, cheerful and fearful
After finishing its disquisition
It look at me sideways to see if I'd understand
Of which I smiled to affirm that I had heard every word.
Then after it turn around
and with a flop of its wings
and a push from the mat
it flew away still tweeting in various tones like a true bureaucrat...
oh that diplomat.

Andrew Folkes

UNTITLED
Conrad Nkimbi



Haiku Poems by Conrad Nkimbi

I have skills
on any green turf
soccer is life

It is raining
I love playing soccer in the rain
It feels refreshing

Fast cars
Mercedes Benz
German whip

HAITI

Govern your country correctly so that I won't have to; be careful of you how act
so that I won't have to intervene;

Remember your history but don't think it matters;

Remember you won't get far without my help;

Remember your size and location compared to mine;

Is it true that you're a shithole country?

Don't swim in a small pond with the big fishes;

Don't pick at your neighbor's territory;

Be sure to not become the shithole country that you are so close to becoming;

This is how you place stricter laws and make them listen;

This is how you control your economy;

This is how you provide education to your people;

This is how you can clean the water that runs through your rivers;

This is how you behave and show you can be civilized;

When you begin to plant seeds and grow trees, make sure to water them correctly
or else nothing will improve;

But I'm not the shithole country that you see me as;

This is how to pave sidewalks;

This is how to build roads;

This is how to build highways;

This is how to exploit your goods to more developed countries;

When you are among other countries who don't know your history very well be sure to remember that your opinion matters the least, and this way you don't become the shithole country you are so close to becoming, if not already;

This is how to provide hospitals to your citizens who all have AIDS;

This is how to provide insurance to the less fortunate;

This is how to create an effective insurance plan in case you become liable for all of your patients;

This is how to be an island of the Caribbean;

But how would you know how to be an island of the Caribbean?;

You mean to tell me that after all this time that's what caught your attention?

—Wendy Edouard

PUERTO RICO: STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL
Ashley Van Eyk







